

KILLED HUSBAND TO SAVE HIS SOUL, SAYS YOUNG BRIDE

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy Pleads
for Punishment at Once to
Spare Child.

FIRST PRAYED TO DIE.

Held by Coroner She Sends
Her Savings to Priest for
Masses Over Victim.

Mrs. Frances O'Shaughnessy, frail and cool, to-day told the story of a blighted love, after coroner Holzhauser had committed her to the Tombs for the murder of her husband, George O'Shaughnessy, at their home, No. 33 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, yesterday. She killed the man she loved, she said, to save his soul. She weighed the question of suicide in the balance with murder when his knees grew few and cold, and deliberately decided to take her husband's life, that she might not commit the eternal sin of self-murder and the murder of her unborn child.

Protesting that she wanted to be punished for her offense at once, before the birth of her infant, she declared that she could stand the punishment of man, but had chosen carefully, rather than have the eternal punishment of God.

It was a weird love story that the woman told at the Criminal Court Building before she gathered up her little bundle of belongings and went to the Tombs. As she went her auditors wished her success and speedy release.

Rival Loved Innocently.

In the mean time the other side of the picture of the tragedy that yesterday afternoon engrossed the upper east side brought its own story of love and of trouble. Miss Tessie Hayes, eighteen years old, of No. 225 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, protested that she had for six weeks loved the man who was slain. She loved him under the idea that he was not married, and she had begged him to teach her to forget, as he had taught her to love, the moment she discovered he had a wife.

It was a pile of love letters from Miss Hayes that precipitated the killing. She

had been employed as cashier in the store where young O'Shaughnessy worked. He was twenty-one; she was eighteen. They went out often together. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy got her first intimation of this when she met the girl on the street with her husband and demanded to know what she meant by "stealing him." In the Hayes love letters the wife says the proof that the girl knew he had a wife.

And while men in uniforms were talking to the women who made up the interesting study in real life, there was sent to a priest at the church where the O'Shaughnessy couple had, but a year ago been married, the savings of the bride-savings that had been kept for a trip to Ireland that their child might be born there—and for the little board the young woman begged that masses be said for the repose of the soul of the man she loved and killed.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has just turned twenty-four years, and has a wealth of blonde hair. Her eyes have the blue of the Irish sky, and she is a delicate bit of a woman. Curious fancies were turned toward her as she passed to tell The Evening World her story. And there was just a touch of Alice-in-Wonderland about the childish face as she heard some one ask if she was sorry for her act.

Sorry? No, Not Yet.

"I can't say that I am," she slowly replied. "It may be that when the reaction sets in I shall be. But I have been thinking, thinking—have hung upon the words as though in another world—all of the time for the past few weeks and I really don't know what I have done."

"I have suffered all the time," she said, pausing. "I have been thinking that I could do to bring George back to me. In the night, when he was sleeping at my side, I have lain awake crying and thinking what would happen to me and to my child and the shame that would come upon it."

"I knew he was going with other women. Intuition told me that. There was something in his look, something in his actions, that told the truth to me. Then he was out at night a good deal."

"When I spoke to him and asked where he had been he gave me evasive replies. I noticed that his knees grew cooler. There was not the same warmth in them that there once was."

"At first he denied to me that he had been with other women. Then he admitted it. I pleaded with him to give up the other woman. He said that he could not; that he had gone too far, already, to drop her. I reminded him of our child yet to come. Even that—that had no effect."

"At night, when he was out, I spent the hours in prayer. We had planned to go to Ireland, so that my child might be born there and I had saved money for the trip."

"Yesterday I found a lot of letters under the pillow of one of the beds, saying that he had planned to go over with me and then desert me for the other woman. They thought, the fools, that I would stay abroad and let them be happy here in spite of the shame of my child."

"I burned some of the letters; others I kept."

First Tempted to Suicide.

"The thought of suicide came to me. Then I prayed for two hours. My religion came to my relief and saved me from self-murder. Suicide is an eternal sin. I then determined to kill my husband."

"I went to the home of Mrs. Simon Ford, where I had been employed. I

crept upstairs to a desk where I knew they kept a revolver. I hid it in the folds of my dress and then went home. "George was there. He had been searching for the letters I had found, and asked if I had them. I told him I had, and asked if it was true that he was planning to take me abroad and desert me. He said that it was true, and now that I had found out about it, he would not bother me about going over at all."

"All the time through George loved me. I loved him. We talked of Texas. He said that he could not account for his actions. When I asked him if he was going to give up his religion and his God and shame his wife and coming child to go with that woman, he said he did not care what became of him."

"He didn't care for his religion and his God when he was with the other woman."

"I fell on my knees and asked him if there was no chance for us to be happy together again. He repulsed me and struck at me, for answer."

"I thought again of suicide, but the thought of eternal purgatory stopped me. I took the revolver and shot him. As he lay upon the floor I fell across his body and kissed his lips. I gave myself up. I want them to punish me at once, before my child is born."

Then she followed a policeman to the Tombs.

SAY BROOKLYN MAN
HIT 3-YEAR-OLD BOY
FOR RINGING BELL

Andrew J. Foren, a well known real estate dealer with an office at No. 95 Schenck street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Adams Street Police Court before Magistrate Kemper today charged with slapping three-year-old Willie Brown in the face hard enough to knock him down and kicking at Willie's ten-year-old brother Frank. The defendant, who is sixty-eight years old, was paroled to appear in the court Monday.

Frank Conge of No. 408 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, and Thomas Basco of No. 25 Mulberry street, were witnesses against Foren. They said they saw him run out of his office and commit the assault. Foren, after striking the smaller Brown boy, the witness said, ran through Schenck street into Smith street and sought refuge in a barber shop from a crowd that menaced him until a policeman placed him under arrest.

These two boys, said Foren, "were ringing my door bell. I told them repeatedly to stop, and at last I slapped the little boy, but not hard. It is not true that I kicked at the other boy. Why, Your Honor, for many years I have been adding the work of the Gerry Society. I would not be unkind to a child."

The mother of the boys insisted that Foren be held on a charge of assault. As he has been in business in the downtown section of Brooklyn for many years the Magistrate accepted his parole.

WOODED AT LUNCH, ENGAGED BEFORE COFFEE CAME ON

Romance of One Hasty Meal
Told in Suit Miss Boss
Brings for \$25,000.

According to Miss Ethel Boss's story of her meeting, courtship over a hasty luncheon and a promise of marriage before the coffee was served, Phillip A. Warner, a wealthy young engineer, whose 50 horse-power automobile closed a series of half-raising dashes on the Palm Beach course by killing two girl passengers some months ago, is easily a 50 horse-power Lochinvar.

The young woman's story is accompanied by affidavits of her mother, Mrs. Florence T. Elder, a divorcee, who has brought suit for \$25,000 against Warner, and the girl charges breach of promise of marriage. Details of an exciting encounter with Warner, during which the young woman and mother demanded that Warner promptly fulfill his alleged promise of marriage, are among the papers filed to-day in the County Clerk's office. Warner was arraigned yesterday by Deputy Sheriff McDonald, as he returned from Florida, and was bailed in \$1,000 on the mother's complaint. He denies the girl's charges.

Quick Lunch Wooing.

Warner has a residence at No. 14 East Sixtieth street, and is said to be wealthy and have high social connections. He maintains an apartment at the Holland House and is a member of the Technology Club. According to Miss Boss, he has built railroads in South America and has retired to spend the rest of his life touring the world and racing fast cars. Miss Boss's mother was divorced from Albert L. Boss, a merchant, in Wilmington, Del., in 1889. Since that time Mrs. Elder has been in the insurance business, she swears, in Philadelphia and New York.

The day of Warner's rapid courtship is set by Miss Boss as Feb. 17, this year, and the place the Hotel Wolcott. There were no speed clutches or brakes on Warner's avowal of love and his urging that a ceremony follow at once, according to the following sworn statement of Miss Boss:

"He arranged for a private dining-room. He led me upstairs to a suite. I refused to enter, but he persuaded me that, as it was raining very hard and as we were there and the lunch had been ordered, we might just as well sit down and eat before going out. I consented."

"While we were eating he said he

was strongly attracted to me and that he never knew any one to whom he was so drawn on such short acquaintance. He paid me many compliments, referring to my beauty and my manners. Before the coffee was served he asked me, abruptly, if I thought I cared enough for him to marry him, adding that he was tired of a bachelor's life and was anxious to settle down with some nice little person he could always love."

"While drinking the coffee he told me he had a large income and that his living expenses were \$100 a day. He was having an auto built which cost him, he said, \$5,000, and he had apartments at the Holland House. He said he was going to Florida to do some racing."

She Yielded During Coffee.

"Then I told him that I liked him well enough to marry him. He was pleased and kissed me and said, 'Fine! We can leave the arrangements go until I return from Florida in, say, two weeks.'"

The next morning, Miss Boss says, she went riding in his automobile. Sunday he telephoned. Monday he called at her home and Tuesday evening they dined at the Hotel Marlborough and remained there until the following Thursday, when she rode to the Clyde Steamship pier to see him ship his new car to Florida.

There were teas at the Plaza, luncheons at the Waldorf and dinners and meals at noted hotels. Pictures of the following summer and winter spent in touring Europe were drawn by Warner, the young woman charges, and her mind was entirely subjected by her trust in Warner's promises.

In April Warner returned from Florida, after his chauffeur had killed two passengers while racing his new "dier." Warner was then confronted with Miss Boss and her mother. The mother swears Warner admitted that he had promised to marry Ethel, but later announced that a ceremony was impossible, as he was engaged to soon marry another girl.

Following this interview, which terminated after Warner, the mother swears, had offered to care for her daughter while ill in a way that the mother refused. Mrs. Elder then began suit against Warner for the loss of her daughter's services. The Bosses live in apartments at No. 1 East Thirty-second street.

SLAYER GIVES HIMSELF UP.

Brooklyn Contractor, Who Shot Laborer, Furnishes \$10,000 Bond.

James Quinn of No. 24 Kenmore street, Brooklyn, the contractor who shot and killed Luigi Marlerio, a laborer, in a fight about pay at Flushing avenue and Ryerson street, on Wednesday, gave himself up to-day by arrangement with Chief Magistrate Kemper of Brooklyn.

His brother had visited the Magistrate early in the day and had made arrangements for bail. Quinn said that when he fired the shot he was in the midst of a storm of bricks and stones and one laborer was threatening him with a crowbar. He would not tell where he had been hiding. Bail in \$10,000 was furnished.

GIRL SAVES HORSE FROM ABUSE AND SENTENCES DRIVER

Jacob Fried, a teamster, was engaged in the pastime of punching his horse in the face with his closed right fist and jerking at the bit with his left hand at Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue to-day when a handsome, richly groomed young woman stepped up and touched him on the shoulder. Fried turned to face a pair of flashing eyes.

"Aren't you ashamed to treat your poor horse in that brutal fashion?" asked the young woman.

"Don't butt in, lady," advised Fried. "This is my horse and I'll smash him all I like."

And just to show his spirit of independence Jacob snuffed out and landed his fist on the sensitive end of the

horse's nose. This was too much for the young woman, and she summoned Policeman Bennett of the Traffic Squad and demanded that Fried be arrested.

"Will you go to court and prosecute?" asked the policeman.

The charming champion of the rights of a horse to decent treatment expressed her willingness—even her anxiety—to go to court. Accompanied by a worried-looking young man, who had kept pretty well in the background, she went to Yorkville Court, where Fried was arraigned before Magistrate Herriman.

The complainant said she was Miss Helene Von S. Lucas, daughter of Mrs. Alexander L. Lucas, of No. 35 Central Park West.

She told the Magistrate what she had seen Fried do to his horse. Fried promptly denied her story. He said he treated his horse kindly, notwithstanding it is a contrary animal.

My escort will substantiate what I say," put in Miss Lucas, turning toward the embarrassed young man. "That will be unnecessary," interposed Magistrate Herriman. "I believe you. Now, I am going to let you be the judge in this case. Shall I send this man away for as long a term as three months or give him a lighter sentence?"

Miss Lucas puckered her brow. The sense of responsibility was new to her. "I wouldn't want to see him sent to prison," she said, finally. "He probably has a family to support and it would

hurt his family. But I do believe he should be reprimanded, and severely, too."

Magistrate Herriman thereupon proceeded to hand Fried a warm and caustic reprimand and warned him to be kind to his horse in future. Never again, said Fried, would he lay hands on his horse except in kindness. He was allowed to drive away on his truck.

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